

"I want to follow you about and get food."

So the leopard said, "Very good. Here, eat of this serval."

So Paka followed the leopard many days, and many weeks.

Till one day came a lion and he fell on the leopard and killed him.

So Paka thought in her heart: "Now, this one also was not a manly one; he who is the man is the lion."

So she went up to the lion and said, "Good morning."

And the lion said, "Who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

So Paka said, "I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the lion said, "Then eat of this leopard."

So Paka ate of the leopard, and she followed the lion for many weeks and many months, till one day there came an elephant.

And the elephant came and struck the lion with his trunk and the lion died.

So Paka said in her heart: "Now this one, too, was not a manly one: he who is the man is the elephant."

So Paka went and greeted the elephant, "Good morning."

The elephant said, "And who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the elephant said, "Then eat of this lion."

So Paka ate of the lion, and she followed the elephant for many months and many days.

Till one day came a man; and that son of Adam came and he took his matchlock and fired.

And he hit the elephant and the elephant lay away.

After running a long way he fell down, and that son of Adam came and he fired again and again until the elephant was finished and he died.

Now Paka said: "Behold, he also was not a manly one: he who is the man is the son of Adam."

So Paka went up and saluted him, saying, "Good morning."

And the man said, "Who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the man said, "Then eat of the elephant."

So Paka stayed with the man and ate of the elephant, while he was cutting out the tusks.

When the man had finished cutting out the tusks he wended his way home and came to his village.

Now, that man had two wives, and the one he loved and the other he loved not.

So he came first to the house of her whom he loved not, that he might stay a short time and go to the house of her whom he loved.

So he came there and greeted the wife whom he loved not, and straightway went on to the house of her whom he loved.

When he had come there he said to her: "Oh, my

wife whom I love, I have done this on purpose.

"I came first to the house of the other one that I might come straightway to you whom I love, and remain with you a long time."

Now, the woman was angry in that he had gone first to the house of the other, and she said to him: "What you say is false!"

So she came up to him and struck him—pah!

That man did not do anything; he turned round and left the hut.

Then thought Paka: "Now, even this one is not the manly one. Why does he go away? He who is the man is the woman."

So she went up to the woman and said to her, "Good morning."

The woman said, "And who are you?"

"It is I—Paka."

"What do you want?"

"I want to follow you about that you may give me food."

So the woman said to her, "Very good. Sit here in my house."

Now, this is the story of Paka the cat, which comes from long ago, and this is the reason why a cat will leave a man and follow a woman.—The Living.

#### A PLANT THAT COUGHS.

"I heard a cough, and looked behind me nervously; for I was stalking gazelles in that lion-colored waste, the Sahara Desert; and having got rather too far South, I expected at any moment to become a pincushion for the poisoned darts of the dread Houaregs.

"But there was no one there. The flat desert quivered in the sunshine, and here and there a dusty plant stood wearily. But though I commanded the landscape for a radius of fifty miles, not a living creature was in sight.

"Another cough. I swung around quickly. The same plant, yellow with dust, drooped in the dry heat. That was all.

"Hack! Hack!"

"On my left this time. I swung around again. A like plant met my eye. The thing was growing rather ghastly.

"As I regarded this last plant, a cough came from it. Believe me, the plant coughed. It shook all over, and then, tightening up as a man does when he is about to sneeze, it gave a violent cough, and a little cloud of dust arose.

"I found out afterwards that the plant is the coughing bean, which is common in many tropical countries. In the long dry heat this weird growth's pores become choked with dust, and it would die of suffocation were it not that a powerful gas accumulates inside it, which, when it gains sufficient pressure, explodes with a sound precisely like that of a human cough. The explosion shakes the plant's pores free of their dust and the coughing bean is in good health again."—Children's Visitor.

The price of great victories is great surrender—surrender of ease, of natural inclination, of everything that interferes with the one great thing we do.